THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

Sketch of the Life and writings of Abraham Tucker, Esq. authour of "The Light of Nature Pursued."

The life of a scholar, says Goldsmith, seldom abounds with adventure. His fame is acquired in solitude. The Historian, who only views him at a distance, must be content with a dry detail of actions, by which he is scarcely distinguished from the rest of mankind. But we are fond of talking of those who have given us pleasure; not that we have any thing important to say, but because the subject is pleasing. In the following narrative of the life of a *self sequestered man*, though the reader can discern no martial achievements, or cabinet policy, yet may be seen the rise, progress, and completion of one of the most original, ingenious, instructive, and entertaining works that ever was composed on topicks of Ethicks, Metaphysicks, and Theology. This admirable system of Morality and Religion, which has furnished Archdeacon PALEY with almost the whole of his materials for his Treatise on Moral Philosophy, was first published in 1768, and very favourably received by the criticks and the philosophers. In the year 1777 it was completed; and although, from the abstruseness of some parts, the prolixity of others, and the liberality of all, it was not for many years a *popular* work, in the *vulgar* sense of the expression, yet it was always a favourite with the contemplative and sacred few.

At present it is rising fast into celebrity The splendid authorities of Sir James M'Intosh, Dr. Parr, and Dr. Knox have been successfully quoted in its favour. The author's grandson, the Honourable Sir Henry Paulet, † *St. John* Mildmay, M. P. has just published a new and beautiful edition, carefully revised and corrected. This is now lying before us, enriched by the Biography which we have transcribed for The Port Folio, and ornamented by a spirited engraving of the authour. This fine print is labelled ABRAHAM TUCKER, ESQ. of *Betchworth Castle.* It is engraved by Say, and characteristically represents the authour of the Light of Nature, in his library surrounded with books. He is richly dressed in the style of an *ancient and independent English gentleman;* and his highly interesting countenance exhibits all the genius of an accomplished scholar, all the penetration of an acute philosopher, and all the benevolence of a good man.

By an advertisement in one of our latest London papers, we perceive, with pleasure, that some friend to the memory of the writer, and to the dissemination of his original opinions, has just published, in one volume, large octavo, an abridgment of this great work. This is rendering a truly valuable service to the cause of Religion and Literature. For, it must be confessed, that though Mr. Tucker never *draws out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument*, yet that his work is very voluminous, and from the abstractions with which he is obliged to be conversant, is not a little terrifying to the mere literary lounger, whose vagrant attention will wander even from the page of CERVANTES himself. It is therefore fortunate for letters that the more popular

†We presume, from one of the christian names of this Baronet that the family of Tucker, by descent or marriage, is connected with the house of Bolingbroke, one of the oldest and noblest families in the kingdom.

parts of this curious treatise are presented in a *tangible form* to the bulk of readers. Hence, perhaps, many will be induced to study the original, and become intimately acquainted with the speculations and character of the PROFOUNDEST PHILOSOPHER OF HIS AGE. Nor is he a mere metaphysician. His literary character was as various as that of Aristippus. What Dr. Rush, the Bishop of Dromore, said in his funeral sermon upon Jeremy Taylor, may be applied without a particle of exaggeration to ABRAHAM TUCKER. He has the eloquence of an orator, the fancy of a poet, the acuteness of a schoolman, the profoundness of a philosopher, and the piety of a saint.

Not only a sincere admiration of the works of this great genius has dictated this encomium, but gratitude to† a dear and venerable friend, who, at a very early period of the Editor's life, directed his attention to the playful sallies of this authour's imagination, and to those golden rules of practical science which even a boy might comprehend. At a maturer age, as it is the settled habit of the writer of this article to shun vulgar people and vulgar books, and to study diligently *original* characters and *original* writers, he has, to use Gibbon's strong phrase, *meditated* this original work, and we are at a loss which most to admire, the fertility of the authour's imagination, the correctness of his sentiments, or the profoundness of his views. Though he was often careless of polishing his periods to perfection, and though a fastidious critick will sometimes be offended at a harsh construction or a prolix sentence, yet the work abounds with examples of very beautiful composition; and we have acquired the right to say, that in many a page, the orator might discover all the charm of eloquence, the poet all the brightness of fancy, and the wit all the varieties of ludicrous combination.

To support this very favourable opinion of a favourite authour, we will refer to the authority of three of the best scholars of the age.

The Lectures of Sir JAMES M'INTOSH are, at present, not at our command. We, therefore, can only rely upon memory for his testimonial of Mr. Tucker's merit. But the reader may be assured that the learned Baronet speaks in the highest terms of the profound metaphysician.

Dr. Parr, in his celebrated Spital Sermon, after fortifying with the authority of Mr. Tucker many of the positions in that admirable discourse, observes "I hear *with concern* that the works of this *admirable* writer are *scarce*, and therefore, I shall not apologize for ample and frequent quotations. In another place the Dr. says "Philosophy is *brought within the reach of common sense*, and is *more skilfully applied to the duties of common life* by this authour, than by any of the writers on universal benevolence with whom it has been my fortune to meet.

The three or four last volumes of Search's Light of Nature, says Dr. Vicesimus Knox, certainly abound in excellent thoughts and *original illustrations*. The whole work abounds with new ideas and valuable doctrine.

I HAVE often heard it lamented by admirers of Mr. Tucker's writings, that no account has been hitherto given to the world of his private life: and it has been suggested to me that in offering a new edition of "The Light of Nature" to the publick, some biographical sketch would be expected at my hands.

I regret my inability to comply with these suggestions so fully as my inclination and the unfeigned respect, veneration, and gratitude which I feel towards the memory of Mr. Tucker, would dispose me to do.

The life of a man, devoted to study and retirement, to the investigation of metaphysical truth, and the practice of religious duties, can indeed hardly be expected to afford much in the detail to amuse or interest the publick. And the uniform regularity of the life of the authour of "The Light of Nature," was certainly interrupted by few extraordinary occurrences. But instruction might possibly be afforded, and example held out to future excellence, by tracing the several incidents which may be supposed to have influenced the mind and genius of such an authour, to have given the original bent to his course of study, and turned his thoughts into that channel in which they continued to flow. I am, however, enabled to add nothing upon these points to the short history which Mr. Tucker has given of the disposi-

† The gentleman alluded to, who is a *very near* relation of the Editor, found time and inclination amid the cares of business not only for the study of Polite Literature, but the most laborious and successful researches in abstruse science. To metaphysical and philosophical investigations, in particular, he bent the whole force of his ardent mind, and conversed on these topicks with great clearness, acuteness, and ability.

tion and progress of his own mind in the following words:

"My thoughts," he says, "have taken a turn from my earliest youth towards searching into the foundations and measures of right and wrong; my love for retirement has furnished me with continual leisure, and the exercise of my reason has been my daily employment."

The account which I am about to give of the most important events of his life, (if any events can be said to be important of a life so retired and undiversified) is necessarily rendered more imperfect by the loss of a near relation, Mrs. Judith Tucker, by whom alone I could have been furnished with materials for a fuller statement.

All that I now offer to the publick is collected from what I can remember to have heard from her when alive, from some biographical notes, which she left behind her, and from some scattered hints and notices which Mr. Tucker's own papers supply; and, however otherwise unimportant or uninteresting the narrative may be, I have preferred to leave it so rather than to embellish it with any thing for which I had not the most indisputable authority, and am contented that it should pretend to no other merit than that which would have been esteemed its greatest recommendation by him whose life it is intended to commemorate, a strict and faithful adherence to the truth.

The family of Mr. Tucker is of Somersetshire extraction, but he was himself born in London on the 2d of September, 1705. His father, who appears to have been a merchant of some eminence in the city, married Judith, daughter of Abraham Tillard, Esq. and died in his son's infancy, leaving him to the guardianship of his uncle, Sir Isaac Tillard, a man remarkable for the purity of his morals and the austere integrity of his character. Of the memory of this relation, Mr. Tucker, to the latest hour of his life, never failed to speak with extreme affection and gratitude, frequently observing, that he was indebted for every principle of honour, benevolence, and liberality, which he possessed, to the indefatigable pains and bright example of his uncle. It appears, however, that although Mr. Tucker might be greatly obliged to Sir Isaac Tillard for the early seeds of those moral principles with which his conduct and writings were afterwards so eminently tinctured; he did not probably receive much assistance from him in the usual accomplishments of modern education: I have frequently heard him say, that when called on, as a boy, to pay a periodical compliment to some distant relations, he was invariably referred by his guardian to St. Paul's Epistles, as the most complete model of epistolary correspondence.

Mr. Tucker was educated in a school at Bishop's Stortford, which he quitted in 1721, and, at the age of sixteen, was entered a gentleman commoner at Merton College, where it appears that he devoted the principal part of his time to metaphysical and mathematical pursuits. During his residence in the University, he found means in the intervals of leisure from more serious application, to make himself complete master of the French and Italian languages, and to acquire a considerable proficiency in musick, for which he possessed great natural talents.

About the year 1724, he went into chambers in the Inner Temple, where, for some time, he applied very closely to the law, in which he acquired such a degree of knowledge as enabled him to conduct with advantage the management of his own affairs, and frequently to render very essential service to his friends and neighbours; but his fortune not requiring the aid of a profession, to the pursuit of which neither his constitution nor his inclination were adapted, he was never called to the bar. While he continued at the Temple, he commonly passed the vacation in tours through different parts of England or Scotland, and once made a Summer excursion into France and Flanders.

In 1727, he purchased Betchworth Castle, near Dorking, an ancient seat

of the Browns', and formerly part of the extensive possessions of the Earl of Arundel. As this purchase was considerable, and included a large tract of landed property, Mr. Tucker immediately set about acquiring every sort of information that is generally thought necessary to the advantageous management of land. With his usual industry he committed to paper a great variety of remarks, which he either had made himself, collected from his neighbours and tenants, or selected from different authours, both ancient and modern, who have treated on rural economy.

In 1736, Mr. Tucker married Dorothy, daughter of Edward Barker, of East Betchworth, Cursitor Baron of the Exchequer, and receiver of the Tenths. By this lady, who died in 1754, he had two daughters: Judith, who survived him, inherited his estates, and died unmarried in 1795, and Dorothea Maria, who, in 1763, married Sir Henry Paulet St. John, Baron of Dogmersfield Park, in Hampshire, and died in 1768, leaving no issue but the writer of these remarks.

As my grandfather had always lived with his wife on terms of the tenderest harmony and affection, he was severely afflicted by her death. As soon as the first excess of his grief was somewhat mitigated, he occupied himself in collecting together all the letters that had passed between them, at periods when they were accidentally separated from each other, which he transcribed twice over, under the title of "The Picture of Artless Love." One copy he gave to Mr. Barker, his father-in-law, and the other he kept, and frequently read over to his daughters.

His active mind after this event became engaged in the education of his children, to whom he himself taught French and Italian. He also instructed them in many other branches of science, which he thought might in future contribute to their advantage or amusement; but he was, above all, careful to instil into their minds the purest principles of morality, benevolence, and religion.

In the year 1755, at the request of a friend, he worked up some materials that were sent him, into the form of a pamphlet, under the title of "The Country Gentleman's advice to his son on the subject of party Clubs." This little tract I have seen, though it has long since been out of print. It seems to have been dictated by no party feelings, even in the person by whom the materials were compiled, but generally cautions young men against engaging in political societies in which their passions are liable to be inflamed, and, from the zeal and enthusiasm of the moment, their honour often pledged to support measures which their cooler reason and reflection disapprove.

Mr. Tucker had no turn for politicks: he was very strongly solicited, on several occasions, to offer himself as a representative for the county in which he resided; to which situation both his landed property and his private character gave him the best pretensions. This he uniformly refused. He was once, only, prevailed on to attend a county meeting at Epsom, where party ran very high, and though he took no active part in the proceedings there, he was introduced into a ludicrous ballad, where he is described with several other gentlemen of respectability and talents, as confounded by the superiour powers and eloquence of the *whigs* of that day, Sir Joseph Mawbey and Humphrey Cotes. This circumstance afforded to Mr. Tucker abundant matter for humorous animadversion, and whenever politicks were the subject of conversation, he seldom failed to advert to the ill success of his only essay in publick life; and was so much amused with the figure he made in verse, that he set the ballad to musick.

From the papers which Mr. Tucker left behind him, it does not appear that, previous to the year 1755, he had any thoughts of the work, which he afterwards completed; nor has the former Editor, nor have I, been able to ascertain from what circumstance he was first induced to undertake it. About the year 1756, how

ever, he begun "The Light of Nature Pursued."

He made several sketches of the plan of his work (one of which he afterwards printed in the shape of a dialogue) before he finally decided on the method he should pursue. And after he had ultimately arranged and digested his materials, he twice transcribed the copy in his own hand. Conscious of the defects in his style, he had it in contemplation, as he says himself, to have revised and corrected, in some degree, the most inharmonious and inelegant passages in the work, before he sent it to the press, though for various reasons assigned in his Introduction, he never accomplished his design.

To qualify himself, however, for appearing before the publick as an authour, he had employed a considerable portion of his time, previous to his great undertaking, in studying, with the utmost accuracy, the most elegant Greek and Latin Classicks, in order (as far as it is possible, in the more advanced periods of life) to supply the defects of early education; and he actually took the pains of translating the most admired pieces of Demosthenes, Cicero, Pliny, &c. several times over.

Of these studies, many have been thrown aside and destroyed; but I am still in possession of such a collection as is sufficient to show that Mr. Tucker's industry and perseverance have been very rarely surpassed.

He published the first specimen of his work in 1763, under the title of "Freewill," which seems to have been a selection from four octavo volumes, which he afterwards printed in 1765, under the fictitious name of "Edward Search!" Why he assumed a feigned name, I am ignorant, but I am disposed to ascribe it altogether to his disinclination to attract publick notice. The remainder of the work was edited by his daughter, from a manuscript, and published with the real name of the authour, some time after his decease.

At a late period of life, he printed, but did dot publish, a little tract on vocal sounds, wherein he attempts very ingeniously, with the aid of a few additional letters, to fix the pronunciation of the whole alphabet in such a manner, that the sound of any word may be conveyed on paper, as easily as by the voice. This little treatise was composed in support of certain positions which he had advanced at a literary meeting of some of his friends, and on which a difference of opinion had arisen. Having occasion, in the course of this work, to speak of the hexameter metre, he expresses his "conviction, that the English is as capable of that mode of versification, as the Greek or Latin languages." To exemplify this opinion, he subjoins a hasty attempt of his own, from which it may not be thought foreign to my present purpose to insert a very short extract. The classical reader will immediately perceive, that it is a literal translation of part of Virgil's account of the Pythagorean doctrine.

A Spirit eternal penetrates through earth, sky, and ocean,
Mounts to the moon's lucid orb and stars in countless abundance,
One soul all matter invigorates, gives life to the system,
O'er each particular member diffuses alertness,
Thence men and animals sprung forth, beast, and feathered fowl,
And whatever monsters swim through the watery kingdom, &c.

Mr. Tucker also published, probably at an earlier period, a pamphlet, entitled "Man in quest of himself, by Cuthbert Comment," in reply to some strictures that appeared in a note on Search's Freewill, in the Monthly Review of July, 1763. In the latter end of it he explains his view in the publication; namely, "in reply to a doctrine advanced, that the mind and material elements fluctuate and change into one another; which seems a revival of the old atheistical notion, that a perceptive and active being may be formed of senseless and inert principles."

Mr. Tucker, though by no means of an athletick form, or a robust constitution, possessed great bodily acti-

vity. He always rose early in the morning to pursue his literary labours. During the winter months, he commonly burnt a lamp in his chamber, for the purpose of lighting his own fire. After breakfast he returned again to his studies, for two or three hours, and passed the remainder of the morning in walking, or some rural exercise. As he was remarkably abstemious, he lost but little time at the table, but usually spent part of the evening, in summer, in walking over his estate, collecting information on all agricultural subjects, from his tenants, and committing the result of their practical experience to paper. In winter, he completed the regular measure of his exercise, by traversing his own apartment, and after accomplishing the distance he had allotted to himself, he employed the remainder of the afternoon in reading to his daughters. In London, where he resided some months every year, his time was apportioned in the same manner, between study and relaxation: and he commonly devoted much of his evenings to the society of his friends, relations, and fellow collegians, among whom he was particularly distinguished for his dexterity in the Socratick method of disputation. His walks were chiefly directed to the transaction of any incidental business, always choosing rather to execute his own commissions, even of the most trivial nature, than to entrust them to a third person. This singularity arose from the construction of his mind, which was rarely satisfied without some object in view; and when no object presented itself, he would sometimes walk from Great James street, where he resided, to St. Paul's, or to the Bank, to see, as he would good humouredly observe, what it was o'clock.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

For The Port Folio.

In a new work, ascribed to Mrs. H. More, and entitled "Hints for the education of a young Princess," we find much moral instruction and much fine writing. In the following stricture upon HUME's History of England, we are at a loss which most to admire, the justness of the sentiments, or the energy and beauty of the style.

His political prejudices do not strikingly appear till the establishment of the House of Stuart, nor his religious antipathies till about the dawn of the Reformation, under Henry V. From that period to its full establishment, he is, perhaps, more dangerous, because less ostensibly daring than some other infidel historians. He is a serpent under a bed of roses. He does not so much ridicule religion himself, as invite others to ridicule it. There is in his manner a sedateness, which imposes; in his skepticism a sly gravity which puts the reader more off his guard, than the vehemence of censure or the levity of wit: for we are always less disposed to suspect a man who is too wise to appear angry. That same wisdom makes him too correct to invent calumnies, but it does not preserve him from doing what is scarcely less disingenuous; he implicitly adopts the injurious relations of those annalysts who were most hostile to the reformed Faith; though he must have known their accounts to be aggravated and discoloured, if not absolutely invented. He thus makes others responsible for the worst things he asserts, and spreads the mischief, without avowing the malignity. When he speaks from himself, the sneer is so cool, the irony so sober, the contempt so discreet, the moderation so insidious, the difference between Popish bigotry and Protestant firmness, between the fury of the persecutor, and the resolution of the martyr so little marked; the distinctions between intolerant frenzy and heroick zeal so melted into each other, that though he contrives to make the reader feel some indignation at the tyrant, he never leads him to feel any reverence for the sufferer. He ascribes such a slender superiority to one religious system above another, that the young reader who does not come to the perusal, with his principles formed, will be in danger of thinking that the reformation was really not worth contending for.

But in nothing is the skill of this accomplished sophist more apparent than in the artful way in which he piques his readers into a conformity with his own views concerning religion. Human pride, he knew, naturally likes to range itself on the side of ability. He, therefore, skilfully, works on this passion, by treating, with a sort of contemptuous superiority (as weak and credulous men) all whom he represents as being under the religious delusion.

To the shameful practice of confounding fanaticism with real religion, he adds the disingenuous habit of accounting for the best actions of the best men by referring them to some low motive; and affects to confound the designs of the religious and the corrupt, so artfully, that no radical difference appears to subsist between them.

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In a crisis, portentous like the present, when we are threatened on every side; when *without are dangers, and within are fears*, it is infinitely desirable that some great Genius, like a giant refreshed with wine, should *arise* and snatch us from political perdition. Would to God that some American Burke could be found, who would both *exclaim* and *act* in the spirit of the following passage, which occurs in one of the last pamphlets EDMUND BURKE ever wrote, and which combines all the warmth of youth and all the wisdom of age. Nothing can be more just than the closing sentence of this energetick extract.

How often has publick calamity been arrested on the very brink of ruin by the seasonable energy of a single man. Have we no such man among us? I am as sure as I am of my being, that one vigorous mind, without office, without situation, or publick functions of any kind, one such man, confiding in the aid of God, and full of just reliance in his own fortitude, vigour, and perseverance, would first draw to him some few like himself, and then, that multitudes hardly thought to be in existence, would appear and troop about him.

If I saw this auspicious beginning, baffled and frustrated as I am, yet on the very verge of a timely grave, abandoned abroad and desolate at home, stripped of my boast, my hope, my consolation, my helper, my counseller, and my guide, yet thus, even thus, *I would rake up the fire under all the ashes that oppress it.* I am no longer patient of the publick eye; nor am I of force to win my way, and to justle and elbow in a crowd. But *even in solitude something may be done for society. The meditations of the closet have infected Senates with a subtle frenzy,* AND INFLAMED ARMIES WITH THE BRANDS OF THE FURIES.

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The following is a very concise character of Mr. PITT, but it contains much in little. It is drawn with elegance, accuracy, and discrimination. The intrepidity of his character is strikingly displayed in the concluding sentence. To oppose and to despise the *majority* is always glorious.

As a financier, no man who ever presided at the board of Exchequer has obtained more praise. His plans were laid with so much judgment, and the objects of his taxation so correctly chosen, that the produce, in general, was coeval with the calculation.

As a speaker, he was, perhaps, unrivalled. Notwithstanding his person was unprepossessing, his action tame, and his features so unimportant that no painter, sculptor, or medalist could ever contrive to obtain a likeness; yet, such was the happy choice of his words, the judicious arrangement of his subject, and the FASCINATING EFFECT OF A PERENNIAL ELOQUENCE, that his wonderful powers were acknowledged, even by those who happened to be prepossessed against his person and arguments. When employed in a good cause, he was irresistible, in a bad one, he would dazzle the judgment, lead the imagination captive, and seduce the heart, even while the mind remained firm.

Nor ought his GENEROUS SCORN OF WEALTH to be omitted. Amid a corrupt circle, and at a time when some men appear to have attained the heroick age of pecuniary baseness, *he was wholly exempt from this mark of modern degeneracy.*

All his failings appear to have arisen out of one master passion—that Ambition which soared above every other consideration, but its own immediate gratification. While out of office, he exercised the *Tribunitian* powers with such a degree of vehemence, that it was supposed he had given hostages to his country, and sworn eternal war against abuses of every kind. When in power, no

minister was ever more *Dictatorial;* his arrogance extended even beyond the pale of the empire, and became proverbial in foreign courts. Before his time, a formidable minority in the House of Commons was viewed with despair, by a minister. HE WAS THE FIRST WHO BRAVED A MAJORITY.

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Almost fifty years ago, an eccentrick writer published a whimsical jumble of romantick adventures, with the title of "The Life of John *Buncle*, Esq." This work, which is by no means vacant of wild absurdity and dangerous doctrine, is, unquestionably, the offspring of a scholar and a man of genius. By way of satire upon the uncertainty of the medical art, and the clashing theory of its professors, he tells a droll story, which the *Infidels* in Physick will read with rapture.

I will now relate the extraordinary case of my wife, Miss Spence, and the four physicians I had to attend her. It is a very curious thing.

This young lady was seized with that fatal distemper, called a malignant fever. Something foreign to nature got into the blood, by a cold, and other accidents, it may be, and the *luctus*, or strife, to get clear thereof became very great. The thirst, the dry tongue, the coming *causus* were terrible, and gave me too much reason to apprehend this charming woman would sink under the conflict. To save her, if possible, I sent immediately for a great physician, Dr. Sharp, a man who talked with great fluency of medicine and diseases.

This gentleman told me, that *alkaline* was the root of all fevers, as well as of other distempers, and, therefore, to take off the effervescence of the blood, in the ebullitions of it, to incide the viscous humour, to drain the tartarous salts from the kidnies, to allay the preternatural ferment, and to brace up the relaxed tones, he ordered orange and vinegar in whey, and prescribed spirit of sulphur, and vitriol, the cream, chrystals, and vitriolate tartar in other vehicles. If any thing can relieve, it must be—plenty of acid. *In acidis posita est omni curatis.* But these things gave no relief to the sufferer.

I sent then, in all haste, to Dr. *Hough*, a man of great reputation, and he differed so much, in opinion, from *Sharp*, that he *called an acid the chief enemy.* It keeps up the *luctus* or struggle, and, if not expelled very quickly, will certainly prove fatal. Our sheet anchor then must be the *testacea* in vehicles of mineral water. Accordingly, he ordered the *absorbent powders*, to conflict with this *acidity*, the principal cause of all diseases. *Pearl, and coral, crabs' eyes* and *crabs' claws* he prescribed, in divers forms: but *they were of no use to the sick woman. She became worse every hour.*

Dr. Pym was next called in, a great practitioner and a learned man. *His notion of a fever was quite different* from the opinions of Sharp and Hough. He maintained that a fever was a *poisonous ferment or venom*, which *seized on the animal spirits:* it breaks and *smites them*, and, unless by alexipharmicks, the spirits can be enabled to gain a victory in a day or two this ferment will bring on what the Greeks call a *synochus*, that is, a *continual fever.* In that state, the venom holds fast the animal spirits, will not let them expand or disengage themselves, and then *they grow enraged*, and tumultuating, are hurried *into a state of explosion*, and *blow up the fabrick.* Hence, the inflammatory fever, according to the diverse *indoles* of the venom; and when the contagious miasms arrive at their highest degree, the malignant fever ariseth. The spirits are then *knocked down*, and, *the marks of the enemy's weapons, the spots, appear.* This, the doctor continued, is the case of your lady, and, therefore, the thing to be done, is, to *make the malignant tack about to the mild*, and produce an extinction of the ferment and relief of the symptoms. This I endeavour to do by *alexipharmicks* and *vesicatories*, and by *subduing the poison* by the *bark, and the warmer antidotes.* Thus did my doctor *marshal his animal spirits and fight them against the enemy, but to great disadvantage.* It was plain, his *spirits were routed*, and that *venom was getting the day.* His alexipharmicks and warm antidotes were good for nothing. THE MALADY INCREASED.

This being the case, I sent in great haste, for a fourth doctor, a man of greater learning than the other three, and, therefore, opposite to their opinion and against their management of the fever. This great man was Dr. *Frost.* He was a *mechanician*, and affirmed, that the solid parts of the human body are subjected to the rules of geometry, and the fluids to the hydrostaticks, and, therefore, to keep the machine in right order, that is, in a state of health, an *equilibrium* must be maintained or restored, if destroyed. The balance must not turn to one side or to the other. To restore sanity, in acute cases and in chronick too, our business is to prevent the vessel's being elevated or depressed *beyond the standard of nature:* when either happens, the division of the blood is increased, the motion is augmented, and so beget a fever. There cannot be an *inordinate elevation of the oily or fiery parts of the blood* but the vessels *vibrate above the standard of nature.*

In a slight fever, the blood increases but little above the balance, but if more,

than one day, it turns to a *synochus*, which is but the same fever *augmented beyond the balance of nature*. This terminates in a *causus*. This is the case of your lady. From *an elevated contraction*, (the doctor continued, to my amazement,) her blood obtains a greater force and motion; hence, greater division, hence, an increase of quantity and fluidity: and thus, from greater division, motion and quantity increased, arise that heat and thirst, with the other concomitant symptoms of her fever; for the blood dividing faster than it can be detached through the perspiratory emunctories of the skin, is the immediate cause of the heart's preternatural beating. And this preternatural division of the blood arises from the additional quantity of obstructed, perspirable matter, added to the natural quantity of the blood.

Things being so, the doctor went on, and the fever rising by the blood's dividing faster than it can be detached by the several emunctories; and this from an elevation of the solids above the balance, we must then strive to *take off the tension of the solids* and *subtract the cause*. This makes me begin in a manner *quite contrary* to *the other physicians*, and, I doubt not but I shall soon get the better of the *fury and orgasm*, make an alteration in the *scabrous tongue*, and by according with the *modus* of nature, throw forth the matter of the disease. I will enable Nature to extricate herself. I hope to disentangle herself.

Thus did this very learned man enlarge; and, while he talked of doing wonders, the dry and parched skin, the black and brushy tongue, the crusty fur upon the teeth, and all the signals of an *incendium* within, declared her dissolution very near. As the serum diminished fast, all the intestine motion of the crassamentum increased. Nature was brought to her last struggles. All the dismal harbingers of a general wreck appeared, to give the bystanders notice of approaching death. *She died*, the ninth day, by the *ignorance* of *four learned physicians*.

Our friend ASMODEO has discovered, in the works of one of the French Epigrammatists, a lampoon to the same effect as the above narrative by the facetious Mr. Buncle.

From the French.

A lady being ill, though apparently not dangerously so, had four physicians to attend her. The lady died.

Can you imagine, Joe,
So slight a fever, a mere melancholy,
In five short days could to the shades below
Send the fair Amaranthe, in all her folly?
Tut, man, I'm sure that on a mind
Like yours, acute, refined,
A single doubt cannot remain,
That she of health, 'till then so justly vain,
Could ne'er accuse the FATES of their decisions,
Did you but know, that she, intent,
As one might think, to quit us, rashly sent
For *four Physicians!*

For The Port Folio.

MR. SELFRIDGE.

Of the honourable acquittal of this persecuted gentleman from a charge of manslaughter of the younger Austin, the publick are long since informed. The course of the prosecution, dictated by a political foe, who was stimulated by the violence of a faction to which he looked for elevation to the highest office in the state, was, as might have been expected, neither softened by lenity nor sweetened by mercy. The law in this case was not only adhered to in form, but it was satisfied in substance. Mr. Selfridge underwent every hardship and experienced every rigour to which such a charge could have subjected the most vulgar and degraded offender. He was kept a close prisoner at the imminent risk of a life, rendered precarious by long continued sickness and bodily infirmity; he suffered privations and made sacrifices far greater than those which usually attend the objects of criminal prosecutions.

After an imprisonment of more than four months (during which his enemies* were industriously occupied in forestalling and prejudicing publick opinion, and exciting popular and party resentment against him, all of which was met, on his part, by the most calm and patient submission to the laws and justice of his country)

* It has been suspected, that during the imprisonment of Mr. Selfridge, the attorney general permitted or was engaged in this cruel and dishonourable occupation. The grounds of this suspicion are unknown, and it is to be hoped, for the honour of the government of Massachusetts, that it is unfounded.

the Court which was to decide on his fate began its session. When the case was submitted to the Grand Jury, no advantage was left unimproved by the officers of the government, to procure an indictment for murder. The Attorney General, contrary to English practice,† the practice of other States, and *the eternal principles of justice*, appeared before them and tasked his influence and his eloquence for that purpose. They, however, to use his own language, "usurped the authority of deciding in a private room, such a question, (whether murder or manslaughter) in the first instance"; in other words, the Grand Jury, regarding their oaths, their consciences, and their duty, and finding no sufficient cause to call upon Mr. Selfridge to answer an indictment for MURDER, indicted him for MANSLAUGHTER only‡. This being a bailable offence, Mr. Selfridge then, for the first time, demanded to be liberated on bail.

During the trial in chief, neither he nor his counsel asked or received favour. If there were any leaning in the Judge, who tried the cause, IT WAS NOT TO THE SIDE OF THE ACCUSED.§ After the defendant's counsel had summed up, the counsel for the State, contrary to all rule, was permitted to introduce new evidence. Neither zeal nor ability was wanting, on the part of the Government, to support the prosecution: no topick which was calculated to rouse the passions or excite unworthy prejudices, was omitted. The Jury were addressed by the Attorney General as being "all of the same way of thinking with himself, he touched upon the little, ignoble string of domestick politicks, and condescended to talk of the 'would be noble,' with his gold-headed cane, or his elegantly mounted pistol."

At length, the Jury was charged by the Judge, in a manner which bids defiance to any insinuation of partiality for the accused. They retired, and, after a deliberation of four hours, returned, with a verdict of "Not guilty."

It might have been hoped that, after all this, the law having rigorously "taken its course," his bitterest foes would have ceased to persecute, and that those who had before thirsted for his blood, would have felt some yearnings of compassion for an innocent man, who bad been made to suffer so much. But the same diabolical spirit, which in more instances than this has endeavoured to sacrifice its victim, by poisoning the very fountains of justice, sought to destroy the possibility of a fair and impartial trial, by raising popular clamour, and diffusing universal prejudice against the accused, is yet busy, and at work, with respect to Mr. Selfridge.

In the Independent Chronicle, of Boston, of the 3d instant, the vehicle of the falsehood and poison which were disgorged before the trial and acquittal, a publication appears which claims the sober and earnest attention of all who wish to support the laws,

† Probably the last instance of such a procedure in England was on the trial of the Earl of Shaftsbury, for treason, in 1681. In the case of Col. Burr, now depending before the Chief Justice of the United States, in the Circuit Court of Virginia, the attorney of the district was not permitted to go before the Grand Jury.

‡The Grand Jury, it is said, insisted on their right to examine the witnesses to the transaction generally, without confining themselves to those whom the attorney might think it expedient to select. The result was the finding a bill for manslaughter only. In Pennsylvania (and so it ought to be wherever publick justice is the only motive to a prosecution), all the witnesses, as well favourable as unfavourable to the prisoner, who were present at the transaction, are sent to the Grand Jury by the prosecuting officer.

§ In one instance where testimony was offered, and objected to by the counsel of the defendant, and the court appeared TO DOUBT, the attorney general suggesting that "a verdict for the defendant would be FINAL against the government," the judge replied: "I am aware of that; *and*, THEREFORE, SHOULD BE FOR ADMITTING THE TESTIMONY, because the defendant cannot be injured by it, but the government is concluded;" and the evidence was accordingly admitted!

and preserve real liberty. This production (supposed to come from the very man || whose falsehood and baseness gave rise to those circumstances which subjected Mr. Selfridge to the hard necessity of defending his own life by taking that of his antagonist), does not deserve a particular examination. It is the SPIRIT it breathes, which requires animadversion and the severest reprobation. The writer, and those who are leagued with him, disappointed of the success of their savage projects against Mr. Selfridge, by his acquittal and deliverance from their power, are now trying what can be effected by persecution in another way. They still hope, that he, whose innocence has been manifested by the strictest legal scrutiny, who has answered at the bar of his country, and stands acquitted of the crime they have alleged against him, may be driven to the sad alternative of making himself a voluntary exile, or of leading a life of constant apprehension, lest the dagger of the assassin should terminate his sufferings and his existence! *Some late change may favour their hopes*, but they will be disappointed. In the furtherance of their main design, it becomes necessary, in the first instance, to destroy all respect for the Court and the Jurors before whom the trial was had, by impeaching their integrity, and insinuating suspicions of partiality against them: therefore, they have commenced their operations. Citizens of Massachusetts, pause and reflect! For what are courts instituted, if their decrees are to be over-haled and their justice rejudged by factions or mobs, deceived and misled by the falsehoods and misrepresentations of those, who, actuated by private and base motives, make their appeals to them! How can you hope to find integrity and independence on the judgment-seat, or in the jury-box, if they are to be rewarded by democratick denunciation? The judiciary is the very fortress of civil liberty: when *that* is attacked, *this* must be in peril. When it ceases to defend and protect the citizen, or when this defence and protection are assailed with impunity, no man ought to talk of his rights, unless he means to maintain them by force, by intrigue, or by corruption. "*Invalido legum auxilio, quæ vi, ambitu, postremo pecunia turbabantur*" may be the future record of the history of your times.

The writer of this "Chronicle" paragraph complains loudly that, after the Inquest returned a verdict of "Murder," the Grand Jury should only find a Bill for "Manslaughter." Now, supposing, for an instant, that it was the duty of the Grand Jury to respect the finding of the Inquest, yet surely, if the latter were not permitted, by law, to distinguish between murder, and manslaughter, but were obliged to return a verdict for the former or for neither, this complaint must be silenced. By a reference to the law of Massachusetts, on the subject of Coroners' Inquests, it appears, that there are three forms of verdict prescribed for the Inquest, one of which they must, in every case, pursue, and, that neither of these speaks of manslaughter. The Legislature, doubtless, did not conceive it necessary that the Inquest who do not sit to try the question of crime, but merely to ascertain the manner of the death, should distinguish between murder and manslaughter, and hence their finding in both cases, must be precisely the same. But are we prepared to submit our lives, our liberty, and property to a secret inquisition, summoned by a constable, acting upon an *ex parte* hearing, unassisted by the advice of a judge? If we are, let us at once abolish Grand Juries and Petit Juries, as useless and unmeaning

|| When Benjamin Austin, the father, was informed of the death of his son, his first exclamation was "Good God! is this the work of federalism?" Hatred to federalism, and the malignant hope that the death of a son might be perverted to the benefit of party purposes, seem to have been the uppermost thoughts in his mind. Parental sorrow generally commands our sympathy, without permitting us to inquire, whether the parent himself may not have occasioned it: but when we see personal and political rancour awkwardly disguising itself in the garb of parental grief, our sympathy gives place to scorn and abhorrence.

institutions. The ignorance of our forefathers did not permit them to discover their folly; that is left to the penetrating discernment of the Chroniclers. In truth, however, the finding of the Coroner's Inquest is never to be regarded by a Grand Jury, or on the trial in chief, and monstrous would it be, if it were.

Some consolation is attempted to be drawn from the demand of a "new trial," which would afford another chance to the Chronicler, and his friends of PERPETRATING their intentions. The present season is more auspicious, and they would be unworthy of themselves, were they ever to abandon an object which is to be obtained by fraud and popular delusion. It will answer no purpose to tell them of a pretty old maxim of the "COMMON LAW," that "no man shall be twice put in jeopardy of his life for the same offence," but they will hardly presume to resist the authority of the Attorney General himself. In the 28th page of the printed report of the trial of Mr. Selfridge, Mr. Sullivan will be found to say thus: "It is clear, that this indictment must be a bar, whether found guilty or not, to any other Indictment for the same offence;" and again, in the 29th page: "It is clear, the verdict for the defendant, though on improper testimony, would be final against the Government," which is immediately assented to by the presiding Judge.

In these hasty remarks, nothing has been said as to the MERITS of Mr. Selfridge's case. If any doubt, let them read the report of the trial; it is all that he need ask, to secure the approbation of any honest, unprejudiced man. On this occasion, the trial and acquittal of the accused, before a Court of competent jurisdiction, are relied on, as the pledge of his innocence, to his friends and his fellow citizens. While the relentless outcry, which is still kept up against him, must excite indignation and abhorrence, let it be listened to by all who value the blessings of civil government, as a voice warning them to rally for its protection.

CORRESPONDENCE.

For The Port Folio.

Extract of a letter addressed to the Editor by Charles Sedley, Esq. the authour of *Memoirs of Anacreon*, a curious and entertaining work, which the ingenious Biographer proposes soon to publish.

A democratick Journalist here stoutly swears that no true born American should subscribe to the *Memoirs of Anacreon*, because, forsooth, it includes Moore's Translation, and *Moore is an ungrateful man.* "Patience herself doth lesser blench at sufferance than I do." But I confess I shrink when I see not more than — patrons to a book written in a country where there is so much *talk* about the *encouragement of domestick manufactures.* My Pride for a long time refused her assent to the vile republican mode of publishing a book by the eleemosynary aid of a subscription. But since I have submitted to it, I am doubly mortified at the cool reception it has met with. To convince you that I have the entire approbation of Mr. Moore in this behalf, I will copy a paragraph from his last letter to me, dated Donnington Park, Leicestershire, April 23, 1807, where he is now enjoying *otium cum dignitate* with my Lord Moira, the modern Mæcenas.

"The plan of your book is excellent. Something like it has been done by a writer of the name of Gaçow, whom I think I have quoted somewhere in my notes; and, indeed, there are many works in France upon the same model, which I dare say you have seen. *Les Amours d'Horace, de Catulle*, &c. &c. There is, likewise, in German, (though without poetry, yet of similar fabrication) the Life of Alcibiades by Reisher, and of Aristippus by Wieland, the latter of which, though betraying a little the weakness of the authour's age, appears to me very elegant. I own there is nothing I have ever admired so much as these skilful tissues of fact and fiction, particularly when they are laid on a *Grecian* frame. Such works are a kind of *waking dreams* which mingle *Fancy* and *Reality* so pleasantly together, that we have all the *sanction*

of the *latter* for all the *eccentricities* of the *former*." You will observe, if you look again, that my loom stands on the firm bases of Plutarch and other Grecians, while the web, by which the curiosity of the reader is to be fastened down, is composed of the silken threads of Anacreon, tinged with the Tyrian dye of our friend.

For The Port Folio.

Among the innumerable fooleries of the philosophers and physicians of the new school is a fantastick belief that nothing is more pernicious than tobacco and wine, and all the other stimulants, to which social, or care-worn man flies to procure the delights of exhilaration, or the refreshment of sleep. If we believe Dr. Beddoes and the rest of that tribe, the most fragrant portion of the Indian weed, the weakest wine and water, the purest alkohol, even the †*muse's friend*, Tea itself, are all so many vindictive foes to human life. To preserve health and secure longevity, we must, according to the doctrine of the modern medical visionary, renounce almost all those enjoyments, which make life tolerable. We may not eat fruit, we may not eat spice, though we must swallow water with the throat of a Sangrado. But Beddoes himself is obliged to confess that this Pythagorean mode of management may injure and offend the stomach, and that we do require stimulus of some kind; and pray what does he substitute for alkohol? why forsooth, we must break every bottle of Burgundy and every flask of Champaign and ‡drink vitriolick and marine acid, not forgetting aqua fortis, diluted with water! The universal practice of mankind in all ages, and EXPERIENCE, the mistress of life, decide directly against this uncomfortable and unfounded doctrine. It is the same in the state of nature as in the height of luxury. It is the same in Africa the torrid, or America the temperate. The savage chews his betel and his areka nut, and the Turk solaces himself with the poppy.

> The naked negro panting at the line,
> Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine.

The Frenchman loves Bordeaux, the Englishman Porter and Port, and even an innocent republican, on this side of the Atlantick, *drinks* with an air of independence. The rich citizen reddens his cheek with Madeira and the mountain boor fuddles in whiskey. Let us now listen to Edmund Burke.

As to what is said in a *physical and moral* view against the consumption of spirits, EXPERIENCE has long since taught me very little to respect the *declamations* on that subject—whether the thunder of the laws, or the thunder of eloquence "is hurled *on gin*," ALWAYS I AM THUNDER PROOF. The alembick in my mind, has furnished to the world a far greater benefit and blessing, than if the *opus maximum* had been really found by chymistry, and, like Midas, we could turn every thing into gold.

Undoubtedly there may be a dangerous *abuse in the excess of spirits*, but ardent spirits is *a great medicine*, often to remove distempers—much more frequently to prevent them, or to chase them away in their beginnings. It is not nutritive in any great degree. But if not food, it greatly alleviates the want of it. *It invigorates the stomach for the digestion of poor meagre diet not easily alliable* to the human constitution.—Let me add that it is A MEDICINE FOR THE MIND. Under the pressure of the cares and sorrows of our mortal condition, men have at all times, and in all countries, *called in some physical aid to their moral consolations*, wine, beer, opium, brandy, or tobacco.

I consider therefore the stopping of the distillery economically, medicinally, and in some degree morally too, as a measure rather well meant, than well considered. *It is too precious* a sacrifice to *Prejudice*.

For The Port Folio.

LEVITY.

At the suggestion of a friend, who loves fun, we published in one of the former volumes of The Port Folio, a brace of ballads in that species of jargon well known in London by the descriptive name of *St. Giles's Greek*. The following is of the same stamp, and if the good-natured reader can penetrate the meaning of this slang he will be diverted with its characteristick drollery.

THE ROLLING BLOSSOM.

I'm saucy, rolling, leering Bet,
A noted brisk young blowing;
I'm up to all your Chicklane flash,
And ev'ry rig that's knowing.
At the new drop I nabb'd my bib,

† Waller.
‡ See Beddoes's Hygeia, passim.

While Will, my man, was swinging,
At the gin ken I took a swig,
Reel'd home, blind drunk, a singing.

Then black legg'd George I dearly lov'd,
He was my flash man long, sir,
Could palm an ace or ring the tatts,
Or sing a rolling song, sir.
But, caught at marking cards, was kick'd,
And bundled from the ken too,
Then being for shop-lifting cast,
He Botany Bay was sent to.

When Phil the flat possessed my charms,
He swore none else could please him,
He flew like lightning to my arms,
And begg'd I would not teaze him.
I waited till the fruit was ripe,
Then thinking to be thrifty,
I left the youth to stretch his pipe,
I had nabb'd a bill for fifty.

To nimming Ned I went to bed,
Who look'd but queer and glumly,
Yet every hit, he brought the bit,
And then we spent it rumly.
But, happening to kill his man,
When nabb'd, to jail they haul'd him,
When cast and scragg'd, then at their Hall
The slashing surgeons mawl'd him.

To scamping Sam I gave my hand,
Who mill'd the blunt and tatlers,
He was the man to stop and stand,
And work among the ratlers.
But once the guard let fly the pop,
And Sam became receiver.
The claret ran, it would not stop,
He died of the leaden fever.

While fat Sal at a tick did tug,
I help'd as was my duty,
I tipp'd the cull so close a hug,
She safely nabb'd the booty.
The cobweb and the robbing rigs,
I practice every day, sir,
And find a fence for all young prigs,
Whene'er they bring their prey, sir.

Now if by chance I should be had,
And brought to sad repentance,
And grieve to leave my dear town pall,
When Wigsby has passed sentence,
With court'sy low I'll leave the court
New rigg'd, I'll cut a dash, man,
Then sail away to Botany Bay,
To black legg'd George, my flash man.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

On Feb. 1, 1807, was published,

(*Price two shillings and sixpence*,)

No. 1, of a new series, (to be continued Monthly) of

CENSURA LITERARIA;

Containing, Opinions, Extracts and Titles of old English books, especially those which are scarce, with meditations on literature and life: to which will now be regularly added,

Memoirs of deceased Authours.

By *Samuel Egerton Brydges, Esq.*

Printed for Longman, Hurst, Rees, and Orme, Paternoster Row; and J. White, Fleet-Street.

PROSPECTUS.

Although the original title of this work is sufficiently extensive to embrace opinions and discussions upon all literary topicks, yet the work itself having been hitherto principally confined to an account of old English books, it becomes necessary to inform the publick, that it is now intended, by a *monthly publication*, to enlarge the plan. Bibliography will not in future, therefore, occupy more than half of every number. Literary Memoirs, especially of authours lately deceased, for which there has yet been but a small space, will, hereafter, form a principal department. The charms of Biography are almost universally acknowledged; as it conveys the most valuable information, in the most attractive and embodied shape. For this purpose, the lives will not be confined to mere dates, and lists of publications: they will contain, as far as the space will allow, such passages as lay open the workings of the human heart, and such remarks as tend to exhibit the intellectual portrait, and the moral habits. This will give a value to such sketches, even where no new facts can be furnished.

But the Censura Literaria will also be open to every discussion connected with the Belles Lettres; among which it is intended to insert a series of Critical and Moral essays.

By such an arrangement it is hoped that this work will in future be calculated to gain the attention not only of the Bibliographer and the Antiquary, but of the general reader; and that by such an intermixture, some proportion even of popular interest

may be drawn to the learning and language of past ages.

A pure and disinterested love of literature alone has urged the Editor to so laborious a task; he has been encouraged to proceed both by praise, and by assistance, in which he feels a high, and, he trusts, an honest pride, and therefore nothing that his humble talents can effect, or his acquaintance with literary men can excite, shall be wanting to render this publication either useful or amusing. There is, at least, an obvious characteristick which entitles it to stand above *anonymous* magazines and reviews, from all of which it totally varies in its plan and objects.

We have seen specimens of this work, and highly approve of the plan and execution. The editor is a man of genius and a poet.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The gentlemen of the bar, who constitute a large and very leading portion of our readers, and who still reverence the admirable usages of their ancestors in a country where Jurisprudence has her most magnificent temples, will be pleased to learn, from a very recent source of information, that a *Writ of Right*, which is the last that can be brought for the recovery of an estate, and is in rare use in modern days, being one of the *Feudal* actions, is now pending in the county of Hertfordshire, England, in a cause of Desson *v.* Sheppard. The mode of trial is what is called the *Grand Assize*, which was devised by Glanville, Justiciar to Henry the Third, in lieu of the Norman mode of deciding it by single combat; but the tenant still has the right of waging battle, by champion with his antagonist, if he choose it: the last of which judicial combats was in the reign of Elizabeth. By the trial, by the Grand Assize, *Four Knights, girded with their swords*, appear in Court, and return the Grand Assize, that is, the Jury who try the cause. In the present case, the King's writ to the Sheriff was read, by which the Sheriff was commanded to summon *by good summoners*, Four Knights, who were to appear *before the King's Justice*, girded with their swords, to make election for the Grand Assize, to *determine, whether the demandant had the greater right to demand, or the tenant the greater right to hold*, a messuage and 400 acres of land at Offley, in this county. To which writ the sheriff returned, that he had summoned William Baker, Robert Dimsdale, John Baron Dickinson, and Michael Hankin, *Esquires*. These *Gentlemen* accordingly appeared in Court, *each with a sword*, and returned the names of the Grand Assize. This curious cause, of course, stands for trial at the next Assizes.

A respectable paper has, for many years, been conducted by Mr. John Russel, with the local title of The *Boston Gazette*. We believe, it was at first, principally devoted to the interest and information of the merchants there. Sometimes, in a dearth of news, or of advertisements, the Editor found a place for a clever political paragraph, or a well written literary essay: and whenever articles of this description appeared, they were selected with judgment, and perused with approbation, but in general, the paper had a mercantile complexion. Of late, though, we are afraid the Editor does not augment his *property* by the alteration of his plan, yet we are pleased to see him devote to Politicks so liberal a share of his widely extended Journal. The sacrifice of private interest to the general good, is always noble, and, we wish, on this account, to mention The Gazette with emphasis. But there is another reason. Since the affair of the Chesapeake, a conspicuous writer in that paper, taking the same ground assumed by the editor of the UNITED STATES' GAZETTE, by the Repertory, and by Mr. Fessenden, in his Weekly Inspector, (the politicks of which are perfectly sound, steadfast, and immovable) has distinguished himself by a train of remarks and reasonings, perfectly to the taste of all the judicious and the prescient.

In some recent numbers of Major Jackson's Register, published in this city, a writer whose signature is HAMILTON, has likewise taken VERY LOFTY, COMMANDING, and TENABLE GROUND. It is a subject of great regret that we cannot copy his essays, in this paper, but they are so copious and appear so frequently that we cannot follow this fluent writer without entirely destroying the plan of our Miscellany. But nothing shall be omitted, on our part to call the attention of the Publick to a series of speculations, which, in our DELIBERATE and UNBIASSED opinion exhibit a statesman's sagacity, an orator's eloquence, and an authour's skill. We trust that those of the daily papers which are devoted to the only system of politicks, which can save us from destruction and infamy will not fail to give the above essays a very wide circulation.

In the last number of The New-York WEEKLY INSPECTOR, a very original, spirited, and valuable miscellany, mostly devoted to politicks, there is an Essay, which from its characteristical excellence, we attribute to the Editor, Mr. FESSENDEN. This speculation, like those referred to in the above articles, vigorously and correctly enforces political Truth. If to such writers the American nation does not attentively listen, then, indeed, it may be reproachfully said that, like the deaf and despicable adder, in the gospel, we will not hear the voice of the charmer, charming ever so *wisely*.

A REVIEW of Judge PETERS's Admiralty Decisions will be commenced in our next number.

We have received, of late, a more than usual mass of *valuable* MSS. These shall be noticed as soon as possible.

The story of *The Four Physicians*, from the diverting Life of John Buncle, though we presume it is a mere fancy piece, is a good satire upon the strange theories in medicine which prevailed more than a century ago. Our acquaintance with many liberal, classical, and rational physicians, fully justifies our remarking that they have both the inclination and the *ability* to repel disease. In general, good sense has succeeded to the jargon of the schools, and the pretensions of the charlatan. Some wild notions are still afloat, but physicians, however they may write, or talk, *practise* in general very rationally.

BURKE'S defence of a *moderate* use of wine coincides with Saint Paul's advice to Timothy. The remarks of the orator upon the *universality* of the practice of stimulating the system and of seeking, as for hidden treasure, for the *balm of hurt minds*, are unquestionably true. Mr. Burke was sincere, for he was not a water drinker, and his argument to Mr. Pitt, to whom he addressed himself on this occasion, is not only invincible but was probably listened to *with conviction*, for the *Premier* himself would sometimes exchange politicks for port, and it is memorable that the medical gentlemen themselves *advised* this sort of barter.

The following curious epitaph is, or was, in Hadleigh Church, Suffolk.

The charnel mounted on the w
Sets to be seen, in funer
A matron, plain, domestic
In pain and care continu
Not slow, nor gay, not prodig
Yet neighbourly and hospit
Her children yet living
Her 67th year hence did c
To rest her body natur
In hopes to rise spiritu

} all.

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